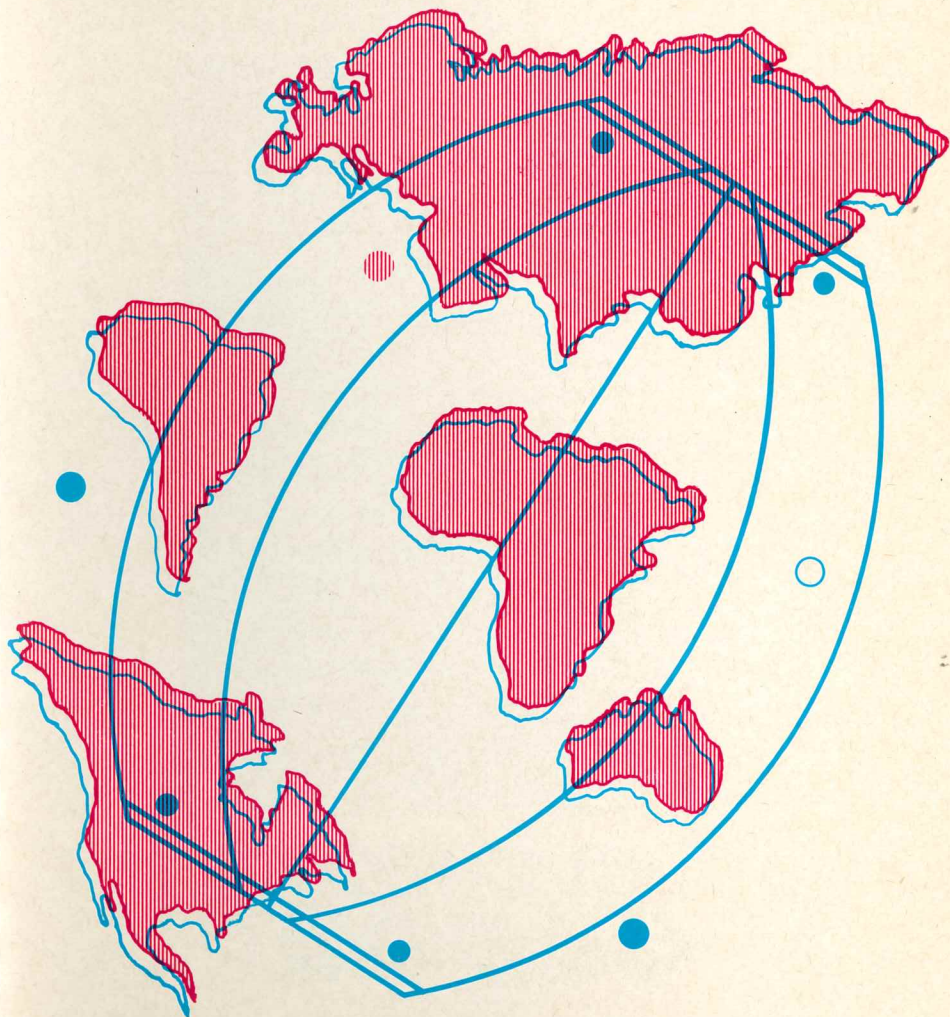


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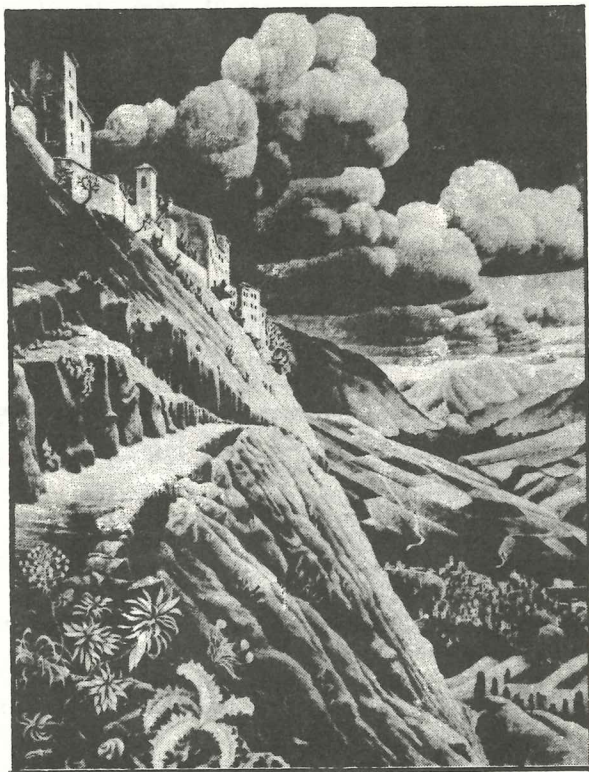


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NEW
MUSIC
CONCERTS
PRESENTS

OPERATIC INNOVATIONS



JAKOB LENZ

A contemporary opera

by

WOLFGANG RIHM

SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1985/8:00 p.m.

Ryerson Theatre

JAKOB LENZ

by

WOLFGANG RIHM

First Scene

Lenz rushes through the mountains. The voices, which are only comprehensible to Lenz, are in dialogue with him, and represent Nature.

Lenz: Ah! Oh! O...O Spirit!

Voices: Spirit...Spirit

(Nature invades Lenz)

Lenz: Spirit, who lives within me! Whence did you come, that you are in such a hurry?

Voices: Ha!

Lenz: Wait, heavenly...

Voices: Spirit...Spirit...Spirit...Come! Come! Come!

Lenz: Your body doesn't have the strength; all its ties are trembling...Not further upwards! No further... Be comforted, that soon you will be free. (with a smothered voice) Soon you will have succeeded, cruel one...Woe is me, woe is me, spare me, spare me, spare me still. I can't anymore! I can't anymore! I can't anymore! I'm coming, yes, I'm coming. (Throws himself into the water)

Second Scene

Oberlin: What are you doing here? What are you doing here?
What are you doing here?

Lenz: (at first doesn't react to Oberlin's questions) I'm bathing. I'm bathing. I'm bathing.

Oberlin: At this late hour? It is ice-cold here. You'll catch your death!

Lenz: Oh sweet death!

Oberlin: (puts his coat around him) Come inside!

Lenz: Oh sweet death!

Oberlin: Come! Inside!

Lenz: Oh...

Oberlin: Sit down by me...What brings you here?

Lenz: I bring greetings from Kaufmann.

Oberlin: What is your name?

Lenz: Jakob Lenz.

Oberlin: Oh, the poet, the poet.

Lenz: Yes.. that I was...

Oberlin: I've read some of your work.

Lenz: ...which I've long forgotten. (emphatically) Forgotten.
(takes a pose, ironically) Jakob Lenz, Germany's joy
and Livland's pride!

Oberlin: You seem depressed, what's the matter?

Lenz: (bursting into tears) Life has devoured me...

Oberlin: Calm down...

Lenz: before it really began.

Oberlin: (calls) "Lenz!"

Lenz: To pass away, to pass away...

Oberlin: "Lenz!"

Lenz: ...for this world, which knew me so little. What a
melancholy joy lies in the thought.

Oberlin: (doesn't quite understand, but answers nonetheless)
A tender melancholy is always striving for bliss.

Lenz: Bliss! Bliss! (mocks himself) Bliss! Bliss! How...
(Oberlin tries to calm Lenz down)...shall I ever
attain it? (He shakes violently)

Oberlin: (grabs Lenz, who immediately calms down.
Emphatically) In quiet prayer! In trust in God!
(Lenz suddenly tries to break away, but Oberlin
holds him fast.) Stay for a while! (Lenz calms
down) Stay here!

Lenz: I am a stranger, unsettled and flighty!

Oberlin: Just enter right into daily life, Lenz. A day
filled with hard work, brings peace and con-
tentment. (Lenz doesn't react) "For whatsoever
a man soweth, that shall he also reap."
(at first Lenz doesn't react., then he nods his
head fiercely) My hope is upon you, Lenz. Now,
goodnight! (leaves)

Lenz: Good old man! Don't hope too much! (goes to bed)

Third Scene

In the background a bed, on the wall a figure of Christ.
Lenz sleepless.

Lenz: Often I feel at midnight...Often I feel at midnight,
then my eyes are filled with tears, in the darkness
I fall on my knees before you. You are testing my
heart. (disoriented...) If I pray to you—when
Heaven and Earth vanish around me—(suddenly calm)
then her image smiles on me in all clarity, my heart
melting away. (He stares into nothingness. He is
startled) You woman, too beautiful for this earth,
you child-of-the-sun, you soul-of-spring! When will
I find you again, feel you with feverish excitement?
You sacred, unique, divine one! (mechanically
whispers) Friederike! (suddenly shouts out) You
who are, because I am, you who want, want me, as I
want you. Away! I want—Oh! I want it even more!

Voices: In this world, I have no joy
I have my sweetheart, and he is far away.

Lenz: Lord! This desire—the heavenly pull. Horrible night, horrible night! Who let you come in? Who made you spread your dark wings? (He sinks onto his bed, motionless, looks slowly upwards) Damned night!

Voices: (almost an echo) Night.

Lenz: Damned sleep!

Voices: Sleep.

Lenz: (grasps his head) Thoughts, which now slip away from me, could I only grasp you!

Voices: In this world...have—(Lenz listens)...my sweetheart...who is far away...

Lenz: I cannot stay here anymore—alone—I must get out... must get out...must get out... out. I must run...must run...must run—(throws himself into the water again. No suicide attempt, only "cooling-off". He dives under several times, staying in the water.)

Oberlin appears.

Fourth Scene

Oberlin finds Lenz bathing again. The situation is slightly comical. Lenz rises out of the water.

Oberlin: (slightly startled) Lenz. I have been looking for you the whole time. (H takes trouble in Lenz, pulls him out of the water, puts his coat around him again, etc.) Come with me, we are going to go for a long walk in Nature.

Lenz: (leans on Oberlin) Ah Oberlin, Oberlin...

Oberlin: See the fields, meadows, pastures, we want to behold God's works.

Lenz: If you think...perhaps...

Oberlin: Even if we only behold that which the strength of many hands has diligently reproduced in the name of the Creator.

Lenz: I think, you're right. (looks optimistic) I'm drinking the enchanting flowers' fragrances!

Oberlin: That's good...

Lenz: I'm gathering the budding blossoms! Breathing the ether's liberating fragrant breezes.

Oberlin: Dive into the golden streams of sunshine, wash yourself well. Wash yourself well!

Lenz: (breaks forth) To loose oneself in the Divine, sensually revealing, voluptuously swelling womb of the great Mother, Mother Nature!

Oberlin: Look! (Points to the heavens) Look! Look how the clouds...there, the clouds...look...Snow-white little lambs, the clouds, like little lambs. Chasing after and running away from each other... the clouds.

Lenz: She alone hears me, gives soothing balm to her sick son. (Looks up, looks for the clouds, reaches for them)

The voices, which in the entire fourth scene acted as "working peasants", now changing into the "congregation" there are also two children present.

Lenz: I am going to go with them, (stares into the heavens)
I will dream myself into far away spaces (apathetically) and forget what torments me.

Voices: Nourish the light of hope,
death is, what was,
what seemed dark to you,
is now all too clear.

1. Child: Look, the man! There!

2. Child: The way he looks...

Oberlin: (to the people) He's dreaming...

Lenz: Happy soil, where freedom breathes!...freedom breathes!

Voices: Dream old dreams,
Imagine old fancies,
See future places
in golden light.

(Lenz notices the people—goes to them—shakes some of their hands.)

Fifth Scene

Lenz: (to Oberlin) I beg you, let me preach...

Oberlin: Are you also a theologian?

Lenz: (as if he had guessed Oberlin's question) I've studied it...

Oberlin: Then gladly...

Lenz: (seems eager to converse, he wants to start immediately. He doesn't succeed right away. He seems to be searching for words. Long silence. He stands before the congregation and first makes some convulsive gestures without words, but then begins totally unexpectedly.)

Oh you who cannot be named in one word
whom everyone has and fails to recognize,
Oh you, for whom everything that we give
and can give means nothing but thanks,
Oh you who is ever merciful
to the weak and impotent (silence resulting from an
inability to understand, lost in thought)
Who thanks you, Divinity, when we are on fire,
that we can call you Father. (almost screaming)
Who thanks you, that you support weakness
and lay strength over impotence;
that you send storms through men,
in which our souls tremble.
To you I have surrendered,
so that you may watch over me.
You are Father, I the child.
My Father I follow blindly.

Children: Let it hurt, let it break open...

Voices: Let deep fountains of sacred pains totally break
open in me...

Lenz: Oh! Oh, what divine light surrounds me! Before my astonished eyes dawns a holy future with mighty awe.

Voices: (bawling) Suffering be all my gain,
Suffering be my life's meaning. (They leave
uninterested)

Children: Suffering be my... (They stop singing and go over to Lenz)

Lenz: (softly and passionately) Let me look down in reverence.

The children stare at Lenz. They are motionless for a moment. Then they laugh and go with Lenz. Lenz bursts out laughing as well and skips away with the children.

Sixth Scene

Dialogue scene Lenz-Kaufmann. Lenz, day-dreaming and absent-minded, returns to the house. He doesn't see Kaufmann, who just arrived.

Oberlin: (to Kaufmann) Good that you have come.

Kaufmann: The Lord be with you parson! (whispers) Wasn't that Lenz?

Oberlin: As you see, he is still here. A good boy, and pious like a child.

Kaufmann: Doesn't he play his old water-games anymore?

Oberlin: (whispers, very seriously) Don't make fun! I beg you!

Kaufmann: Truly, whoever knows Lenz, must love him, whoever sees him, must agree with me: he cannot live without silent help.

Oberlin: I gladly help him find peace. Peace and prayer...

Kaufmann: Aha!

Oberlin: ...will have an effect.

(Oberlin indicates that Kaufmann should speak alone with Lenz, and leaves)

Kaufmann: I understand, understand. (to Lenz) Greetings, my dear friend! A poet in poet's attire withdrew into solitude. Ha, ha, ha, ha...ha, o ha.

Lenz: Solitude! Solitude! What do you know of that! (more to himself) Through it I discover my second self.

Kaufmann: So the genius even lives a double-life? Haaaaha, haaaa, ha ha ha...ha...hahaha...

Lenz: Oh stop your clever nonsense...

Kaufmann: I have no intentions of hurting you...(still fighting his laughter) Now...say, what are you writing?

Lenz: (whispers almost hissing) Nothing, there is nothing! Nothing! Working is impossible for me, whatever I gain from toil, falls into a bottomless pit. Everything wastes away inside me. If only I had a way for my inner soul, but I find no cry for the pain, no cheer for the joy, no harmony for the bliss.

Kaufmann: Behold Nature! In it there is harmony, there is reality, (conventionally) as so many poets have described it.

Lenz: (immediately following) Who wouldn't rather see the naked reality than a thousand beautiful lies invented by their minds alone?

Kaufmann: Consider... (each time he repeats "consider" it becomes more and more urgent, hysterical, and finally almost meaningless)

Lenz: Lies which have so often deprived him of reality, which only give pleasure, as long as he believes in them.

Kaufmann: Consider...

Lenz: If you poets want to be converted, come to me, (shaken) I will teach you the truth, (slowly, syllable by syllable) dissolved entirely in sensuous pleasure,— (again quickly) there you feel it, there you see it exposed.

Kaufmann: Do consider...

Lenz: All else is nothing, is haze, dreams and only there so that it rhymes. (laughs bitterly)

Kaufmann: Consider...

Lenz: Oh madness...

Kaufmann: (to himself) Yes, madness...

Lenz: ...which governs the poet world and seduces many a young child!

Kaufmann: Con...consider (at first searching for his thought...then suddenly) what beautiful images they have created!

Lenz: Oh how beautiful and how lifeless! (aggressively) These little men made of gold-paper, the heroes from Lilliput! Transfigured fantasies, cardboard figures—no humans.

Kaufmann: I... (arrogantly) do not attribute importance just to any fool!

Lenz: (calms down, even slowly) No one may be regarded too small, too ugly, (urgently) only then can he be understood!

Kaufmann: (ignorantly) And where is the criterion?

Lenz: (struggling to understand) I demand in everything—life, possibility of existence, then it is okay.

Kaufmann: (precociously) Yet, there must be beauty! A whore is far from being a madonna.

Lenz: (grasps him) Whether beautiful or ugly: the dear Lord has created this world. We cannot do any better. (almost intimately) To copy him a little, gives me pleasure.

Kaufmann: (irritated, an enemy of introversion, knowingly) You think you are alone, but many books have been published.

Lenz: Books, books, books! Always only books, crammed with empty...

Kaufmann: What is that supposed to mean?

Lenz: ...noble words. All the conceit of my profession persists in arrogance.

Kaufmann: What...what is that supposed to mean?

Lenz: (bitterly) Here is too much, there is too little, nowhere unity, nowhere order, nowhere truth! (quickly, urgently) I too intended to be a painter of human society, but who wants to paint if there is nothing but those ghastly faces? They believe themselves to be gods and are nothing but fools!

Kaufmann: (ironically) What is Lenz's advice?

Lenz: Mix with people, imitate what you want to paint! (gives up) But this oppressive guild of poets will never change. My brother Goethe thought the same. If only I had stayed with him, how much we could have achieved!

Kaufmann: You were looking for solitude though! (reproachful, but sympathetic) It's making you weak—and bitter!

Lenz: (more to himself) The more I work on myself, I believe that everyone else only talks rubbish. Oh if only I had been born a peasant! (with utter disgust) Away! Away! Thinking gives me a headache! Away! Away! (he wants to go, Kaufmann stops him)

Kaufmann: Now that's enough! You squander your time here with unnecessary brooding. Your life is aimless! (quickly)...one more thing: I have some letters from your father, you should go home!

Lenz: (looks startled at Kaufmann) Home? Away from here? To go crazy there? (loses his temper) I cannot breathe there, I would go crazy! (it shakes him) Leave me alone! Leave me alone! (pleading) Only a little rest would do me so good. (bitter, sceptical) Away! I should go away from here?

Kaufmann: (to Oberlin who joins them) What do you want here?

Lenz: I found a new home here...

Kaufmann: How long do you want to wander around? Wander around here?

Lenz: (almost breathless) What do you know! What do you know! What do you know!

Kaufmann: How long?

Lenz: Here, I feel well!

Kaufmann: Here?

Oberlin: (to Lenz) But your father!

Lenz: What does my father want? Can he give me more than you Parson? He cannot help me, impossible. IMPOSSIBLE, I cannot move an inch away from here. Kill me rather...(storms off)

Kaufmann: Lenz! Lenz! Stay...! Stay...!
Oberlin: Stay...!

Seventh Scene

Lenz in the mountains. He is sad and writing...perhaps he is also playing the lute...?

Lenz: How mild and sweet the coolness of the night sinks down on the hot thirsty earth. Faintly the gates of heaven shine in white-fragrant shimmer. Only in the distance like the many stoney peaks (he writes now) of a proud mountain range (he looks for a word... finds it) the wall of fog and cloud rises, forboding a storm...Denser and denser the comforting night spreads its dream-veil with motherly care over the diminishing senses...

Voices: A blessed child, ah, ah, ah, in the mother's lap.
Ah...

Lenz: (strikes the earth with his fist; to himself) No...
No...No longer a babbling child, an adolescent on fire!

Voices: Why do you weep?

Lenz: ...on fire...not a child...(he listens)

Voices: The world is round, the world is round,
and there is nothing lasting about it.

Lenz: (to himself) Why do I weep? (listens again)

Voices: Weeping is only unhealthy,
and loss necessary,
and loss necessary,
loss necessary.
Why do you weep?

Lenz: (listens) Loss? —What have I lost? What can I still lose?

Voices: (whispering, breathless) Friederike! Friederike!
Friederike!

Lenz: Ha, a horrible thought!

Voices: She is lost! Is lost! She is lost!

Lenz: No!! Lost?

Voices: She is lost! She is lost! Is lost! Lost! She is lost!

Lenz: Lost? Lost? Her?

Voices: She is lost! She is lost! Will die, will die!
She will die, she will die!

Lenz: She? She? Die...? Die...? Do you want to snatch me away into the eternal night? To save...! To save...! To save...! (He storms away to Oberlin.
In the distance) To save...!

A sort of vision

Children: (very softly) Deep in his heart, he felt warm,
now he feels so tight, so wretched! So wretched!
He wants to go...

Lenz: (far away) To save...!

Eighth Scene

Oberlin in the room, night.

Lenz: (rushes in) Tell me, what is the girl doing for whom I suffer?

Oberlin: (looks amazed at him) I don't know what you mean...
don't know what you mean—

Lenz: ...the girl, the girl...

Oberlin: (tells him to speak more softly) What do you mean
...if I only knew...

Lenz: (weeps)...the girl, for whom I suffer...
whenever she went through the room like this,
Every step was music for me.
The bliss, which surrounded her,
then shone back upon me.
Deep in my heart I was warm,
now everything is so tight, so wretched!
I want to go.

Oberlin: In the middle of the night?

Lenz: By God, I could stand it here...Yet...I must away,
must go to her.

Oberlin: Wait until it gets light...

Lenz: I'm going!!

He remains transfixed. The scene changes around him to the mountains. Oberlin is also transfixed. He looks at Lenz for a long time. Then leaves.

Ninth Scene

Mountains. The Voices (Mountains?) approach in stylized Sarabande-step. Lenz stands motionless.

Voices: In this world I have no joy.

Lenz: (still motionless, sits down; while he sings, he moves around) Are you sneaking up again?

Voices: Where are you going, my brother? Where? Can you guess who I am? Who I am?

Lenz: Where? (walking, to himself) Who I am?

Voices: Gently I embrace you as a spirit
who does not accept your sadness.

The first voice remains with Lenz, the others disperse in the area. Lenz runs.

Lenz: (stops) Be content...

1. Voice: (a young lady who distresses Lenz more and more)
Be content, my Jakob!

Lenz: My? (wants to flee)

1. Voice: Know, only now am I yours. (cling to Lenz)

Lenz: I? I? I? (struggles) My? My? My?

1. Voice: Yours forever, her and ther...

Lenz: (frees himself...runs away, still shouting) Forever!?

1. Voice: (calls after him)...then don't go away anymore!
(standing alone, disappears)

5 Voices: Yours forever!...Then don't go away anymore!

Tenth Scene

Lenz arrives at the dead girl. "She" is lying in state, a little girl. Mourners, a cross.

5 Voices: (now stand around the dead child) Well then don't go away anymore!

Lenz: (drives away the mourners) Away! Away! Oh God—

Children: (from the distance, the children themselves are invisible) Oh God, her cold, beautiful hand...

Lenz: ...her cold, beautiful hand...so still...

Children: ...so still—My God!

Lenz: My God! (prays desperately)

Children: Get up and walk!! Get up and Walk!!

Lenz: (solemnly) Get up and walk!!

Children: Get up and walk!! Oh, My friend dead?!

Lenz: Get up and walk!! (motionless) Oh, my friend dead!?
"My God, my God, why has thou forsaken me?" (storms off)

Eleventh Scene

Lenz runs aimlessly through the countryside. Dawn.

Lenz: From now on the sun is in mourning, from now on the day is dark!

Voices: What does love advise you? What does love advise you? What does love advise you?

Lenz: The gates of heaven are locked...

Voices: It would be time to die! (The Voices knot themselves around Lenz, making him feel confined)

Lenz: She dead!

Voices: Why do you hesitate?

Lenz: She...

Voices: To die...

Lenz: She dead! My heart—Heart—taken away! (he is motionless)

Voices: Thus you must die in order to reach her! (The "Voices" rebound off Lenz, and hit him again)

Lenz: Yes, yes I must...Yes, yes, yes, I must...

Voices: You must, you must! You must die!

Lenz: I must...(with fragile, trembling voice) Never to see you again—

Voices: You must die! Die! You must die! Die!

Lenz: Horrible thought!

Voices: You must die! So you must die in order to reach her! You must die! You must! You must die! Die! Die! You must die!

Lenz: Pour all your torment into me. I feel, I feel it all —it is too much...I'm staggering—(the Voices all disappear quickly)

Lenz: I'm dying—Cruel one—for thee! (Suicide attempt, i.e. head against "rocks". Must become clear that Lenz is not seriously hurt. It suddenly becomes dark and then slowly light.)

Twelfth Scene

Inside. Kaufmann drags Lenz in.

Oberlin: What's happened?

Kaufmann: (excited) His crazy striving...His crazy striving for fancies, fancies and whims, whims that carry him too far...Too far.

Oberlin: Lenz!

Lenz: Oh, oh!

Oberlin: Answer me! Why are you lying here! Are you hurt?

Kaufmann: First he tries to awaken a dead, dead child...

Lenz: Is she dead?

Oberlin: Lenz!?

Lenz: Is she still alive?

Kaufmann: ...now he is trying to take his own life, (more to himself) to take his own life.

Lenz: The angel.

Oberlin: Why are you lying...? Are you hurt?

Lenz: Is she dead? Is she still alive? She loves me, I loved her...

Kaufmann: ...dead child...? (speaks to himself, shaking his head)...His own life...to take his own life...

Oberlin: Are you hurt?

Lenz: ...I sacrificed her, I loved her, I'm her murderer!!

Kaufmann: Oh Lenz!

Oberlin: Lenz!

Lenz: (takes a stick, holds it high, gives it to Oberlin)
Beat me!

Oberlin: (kisses Lenz on the mouth. Three times. Then he speaks) That will comfort you.

Lenz, Kaufmann, Oberlin stand still and look at each other.

Lenz: Oh divine solace, divine solace! Most people pray to pass the time away, the others fall in love to pass the time away—virtuous, vicious, is nothing, nothing at all—I don't know at all anymore what to say. I don't ever want to commit suicide anymore: It is too boring! Oberlin, Oberlin, what did you expect?!

Oberlin: So go home. Your parents wish it. (strongly) "You should honour your father and mother"

Kaufmann: "You should honour your father and mother."

Lenz: I can't stand it! (clings to Oberlin) Do you want to cast me off?

Oberlin: (wards him off) But no! After all you need their help.

Kaufmann: "You should honour your father and mother!"... honour your father and mother!...

Lenz: (to Oberlin) You can help the godless. Help, help me, help me, help me! So help me! (Motionlessness around him. He almost screams, quickly) Were I almighty, I would not be able to stand the suffering, I would save, save! Help me! (He clings to and desperately presses himself onto Oberlin. Oberlin and Kaufmann stand numb. He whispers) I am the Prodigal Son. I am finished. I have relinquished my faith. I am damned in eternity!

Kaufmann: Calm down! Jakob!

Oberlin: Calm down!

Lenz: (with mounting rage) If I weren't crazy, you could drive me to it.

Kaufmann: Calm down!

Oberlin: Calm down!

Lenz: (screams) Oh!

Kaufmann:

Oberlin: Lenz!

Voices:

Oberlin and Kaufmann have to hold Lenz, they put a strait-jacket on him, which Kaufmann brought "as a precaution", they force him onto a chair. Lenz is motionless.

Lenz: My strengths are spent, the oil has burned out...What do you want with the stinking, dying light?

Kaufmann and Oberlin have stepped aside, observing.

4 Voices: (remain invisible, Lenz "sings" mutely, only through lip movement, synchronized with the four female voices)

Oh God! Oh God! In the wave of your light,
In this glowing midday brightness.

Lenz: ...my eyes are sorely awake,
will it never be night again?

Last Scene

It's getting light. Oberlin bent (over), Kaufmann joining him.

Oberlin: His condition is becoming intolerable.

Kaufmann: Who can blame you!? He confuses everything.

✓ Oberlin: The constant...

Kaufmann: (puts a finger to his lips) Sssh!

Oberlin: ...worry about his health!

Kaufmann: (harping on it) He lives in a terrible fool's paradise of wild ideas...

Oberlin: ...his unhappy soul torments his poor brain. It's as if he were double and the one part were searching to save the other and were talking to itself.

Kaufmann: (excited) Quiet, here he comes again!

Lenz: (from the background) Don't you hear anything? Don't you hear anything?

Oberlin: Hear what my dear?

Lenz: Don't you hear this horrible voice which screams around the whole horizon and which is usually called silence? (Lenz crouches on the ground at some distance.)

Oberlin: He fantasizes in a frightening way, is he really...?

Lenz: (screams)...Consistent...

Kaufmann: (emphatically) Yes! Yes!

Lenz: ...consistent...consistent...consistent...

Oberlin: May the Lord have mercy on him!

Kaufmann: You shouldn't have taken him in!...Not taken him in! He fills the emptiness of his godless heart with nothing but the pictures of his imagination.

Oberlin: May the Lord have mercy on him, may the Lord have mercy on him!

Lenz: Consistent...consistent...consistent...

Kaufmann: (to Oberlin) Are you ready to go?

Lenz: Consistent...consi...(breaks off suddenly)

Oberlin: What...? Yes, but what about him?

Kaufmann: (softly to Oberlin) You can't help him anymore!

Oberlin: (to Lenz) Dear friend...

Lenz: (almost whispering)...consistent...consistent...consistent...

Oberlin: I...(quickly) I am going with Kaufmann. (Lenz jerks)

Voices: (invisible, in a quickly growing disorder of voices)...consistent...consistent...consistent...

Oberlin: ...Thus I must leave you...

Lenz shows no reaction. Oberlin still wants to say something, then turns around rather relieved. He and Kaufmann withdraw quickly.

Lenz: ...consistent...consistent...consistent... (his voice breaks, he rises up) consistent...consistent...

He breaks down. It becomes dark.

-Libretto adapted from
Georg Büchner's LENZ
by Michael Fröhling
translated by Diane Aitken

LENZ/Michel Ducharme (*baritone*)

OBERLIN/Yves St-Amant (*bass*)

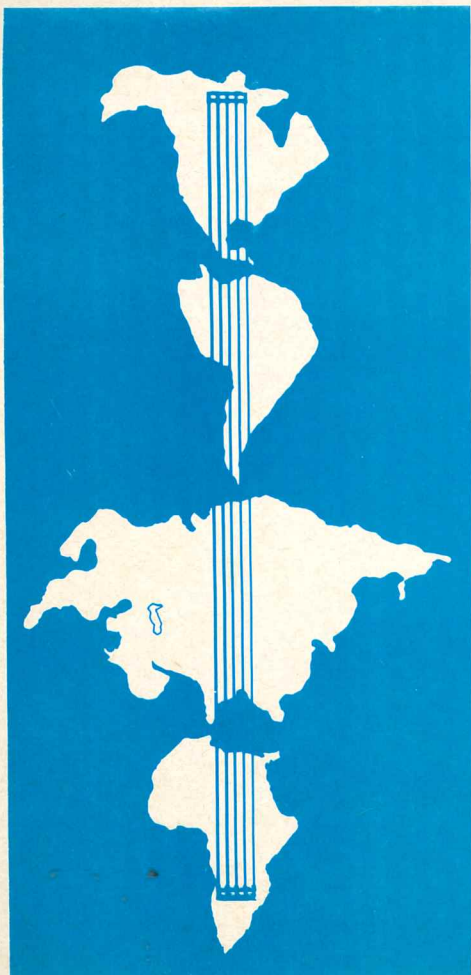
KAUFMANN/David Doane (*tenor*)

CONDUCTOR/Serge Garant DIRECTOR/Alexander Hausvater

CHOIR MASTER/Jean François Sénart SET DESIGN/Jean Charles Martel

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